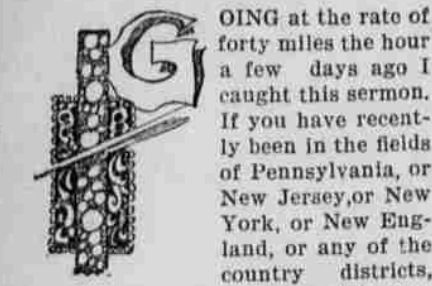


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CORN HUSKING TIME," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: Job, Chapter V, Verse 26: "As a Shock of Corn Cometh In in His Season."—The Harvest Waiting for the Lord.



GOING at the rate of forty miles the hour a few days ago I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Sometime during the latter part of next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unshuck the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day in the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or threshing their arms arounds their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The wisp of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadness, and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up, and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clasped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." \* \* \*

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear, and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins.

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

Now, in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the king's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner, whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he should get a good doctor. O! my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest

life time eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you, "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you can not expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernatural society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span, so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father, that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him, he is as young as any of us." And some one will say, "Here is my darling child, that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side, and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side, and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

RAISES MINT.

This Is the Queer Business of a Woman in Michigan.

Buffalo Express: A little woman up in Michigan carries on a very remunerative business raising mint. She is Mrs. Mary Weber, and she inherited the business from her father. Some of the mint is raised in hot beds, and these are the objects of constant care by the family, which consists of the widow and a grown-up son and daughter of 16 years. The profitable season is between the months of May and October, and June, the best month of all. The mint roots are set out in May, and the proprietress time is given to them from that date until late in the autumn. She clips and bunches the mint in the afternoon and evening, and the morning is given to sales. She drives to the leading hotels and makes the sales herself. It is not necessary to solicit custom. Most of it has been inherited with the mint bed. The men who patronized her father give their patronage to the daughter. She is not without competitors, but they are all of the male sex and are not as gallant as might be expected. Mrs. Weber, like the wise business woman she is, refuses to say how much the prolific bed yields, but it is safe to say that she keeps the big house "going," and put aside the desired sum in provision for a "rainy day." She has supplanted her income by dealing in lemonade straws. Every summer she drives into the country for a radius of twenty miles in search of rye straw that will serve that purpose. If she finds the kind she desires she buys it in the field. But she is very hard to please in the matter of the quality of the straw, and has finally settled to the patronage of a farmer named Black Jack, who has a yearly contract with her. Womanlike, she cannot tell what is most desirable in the straw, but she "knows when she sees it," and after all that is quite sufficient.

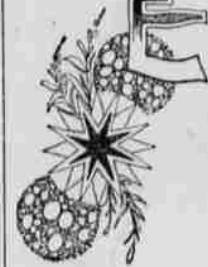
Gibbon in Parliament.

Edward Gibbon, the great historian, sat in parliament for many years, but achieved no success in the house. One morning, he tells us, "as he was destroying an army of barbarians," a knock came to the door, and the tempter appeared in the shape of a friend offering to secure him a seat in parliament for the borough of Liskeard. Gibbon represented the borough for ten years (1774-1783) without ever opening his mouth; and once when moved to do so he lacked the confidence to carry him through. The great speakers filled him with despair, and the bad ones with terror. He grew heart tired of "this parliamentary prattle" and of "the noise and nonsense of the Pandemonium," as he terms parliament in his letters.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY THE READY WIT OF HIS COMMON LAW WIFE.

A Conspiracy Unveiled—Evelyn Webster Tells a Most Extraordinary Story—Electric Chair Was Ready—Saved a Murderer.



VELYN Granville Webster, whose husband was the central figure of one of the most sensational murder trials of modern times in New York, has made a startling confession. It is to the effect that she, aided by Webster's friends and attorneys, concocted a conspiracy which resulted in the murderer's escaping the electric chair and his being sentenced to nineteen years in the penitentiary, where he now is. Evelyn Granville sprang suddenly into fame about eight years ago as the most handsome woman on the Rialto. Of her antecedents little was known and few questions were asked. She was the reigning beauty in her circle when in 1891 she met Burton Webster, who was then a well-known bookmaker. They took up life together, and in this chapter of her existence the woman in her confession says little of importance save that she was not in love with Webster, who had the most diabolical temper of any person she ever met. Of the day of the murder she says: "I had been ill all day and was lying on the couch dressed in a loose gown when Burt came in, and at a glance I saw that he had been drinking heavily. Fanny Romaine, my nurse and companion, was with me. She knew his symptoms as well as I, and so when he poured out a glass of champagne and whisky and insisted that she drink it she did so. Had she refused Burt would probably have been electrocuted.

"The woman had hardly swallowed the glass of liquid before she toppled over, dead drunk. Burt laughed, and, sitting down beside me, began to jest about the weakness of women's heads. After a while he went out. When he returned I was startled by his face.

"What on earth is the trouble, Burt?" I demanded.

"I've shot that man Goodwin," he said. "I am going to get out of the way. Keep your mouth shut."

"I forgot my indisposition and ran as rapidly as I could to Goodwin's apartments. I found him lying on the broken cuspidor that afterward figured so prominently in the trial as having been thrown by Goodwin at Webster before the fatal shot was fired. As a matter of fact, it was never thrown. Goodwin broke it by falling on it.

"I stooped over the wounded man and asked, 'What did he shoot you for?' He seemed to half faint away, but still looking at me he murmured faintly, 'I meant no harm, no harm.' He couldn't say anything more and I ran out. I was tremendously excited, but seemed to think with perfect clearness. I realized instinctively that Goodwin was going to die, and that I must act quick to make out a defense for Burt. Before I got back to my own room I had mapped out a plan.

"I fairly flew at Fanny Romaine, who was still stupid from drink. I shook her and beat her and threw water in her face and applied smelling salts to her nostrils. By means of this vigorous treatment I succeeded in rousing her from her stupor. Then, still keeping up my vigorous treatment, I told her the story I afterward told on the witness stand.

"Fanny," I said, 'wake up, wake up! Something terrible has happened. I went out in the hall just now in my wrapper. As I passed Mr. Goodwin's door he came out in his pajamas and insulted me, asking me to come into his room and blocking the way. I escaped from him and came in here and told Burt. He went out to see Goodwin, they quarreled, and Goodwin threw a cuspidor at him. Then Burt shot him. You saw it all, didn't you?'

"Fanny nodded, but still was too drunk to comprehend clearly what I



EVELYN GRANVILLE WEBSTER had told her. I kept at her, however, and by the time the police came she had heard the story so often that she was firmly convinced that she herself had been a witness to the whole trouble.

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny," I said, 'this is terrible. You don't know the worst, Fanny; this has come at the worst possible time. I never told you about it before because I had still hoped to get out of it, Fanny. I am to be a mother.'

"Poor Evelyn," whispered the sympathetic Fanny, 'that is terrible now.' Burt had found a secure hiding place, but I and some of his friends knew where to communicate with him. Howe & Hummel were engaged to look after his interests, and soon arrangements

were made for his surrender, as it was thought that the story Fanny Romaine and I told would clear him. I knew that there would be no difficulty about the baby. That could be had at any time for money, and of money there was no lack. The only thing necessary was to put off Burt's trial long enough to have me pass through the necessary period that must elapse before the baby could be born. This, too, was arranged, Burt's lawyers succeeded in delaying the trial seven months. When the case was finally called I was prepared. I came into the court room with a baby three weeks old.

"Where I procured the baby no one need know. I paid \$100 for it, that is all, except that I learned to love it before it was taken from me. It had the hoped-for effect, I think. Burt was saved. I carried it every day into the court room, and the little thing was so good that it must have touched anyone's heart.

Since the trial I have not been able to go to communion, as I was resting under a false oath. The priest to whom I confessed told me I would first have to make a public confession to right the wrong done by me. Now I have done so, and I feel as if that alone had lifted a ton off my heart."

"E. GRANVILLE WEBSTER."

Tired of Mr. Crank.

William H. Crank, a lawyer of Houston, Tex., has obtained permission from Justice Beekman in the supreme court to call himself William Henry Woodruff after Sept. 25. Mr. Crank is 27 years old and intends to apply for admission to the New York bar in a short time. In his petition he says that the name of Crank is exceedingly suggestive, and that its mention in business or social affairs brings him into ridicule and de-



LAWYER CRANK.

risation, and often requires embarrassing and humiliating explanations as to its origin and significance. He says that the name has interfered with his success, preventing people from giving serious considerations to propositions made by him, or to the recommendations of others concerning him. Mr. Crank declares that the name he now stagers under will be a serious bar to his success in the city, and says that the name is calculated to inspire contempt rather than respect or confidence.

DISHWASHER GETS \$2,000,000.

Clara Wilson Discovers a Mine of Wealth Near Circle City.

Clara Wilson, whose home is in Denver, Colo., and who went to a little mining camp south of Circle City, Alaska, a year and a half ago to serve as cook for a number of miners, passed through Chicago recently en route for her old home at Scranton, Pa. Miss Wilson does not have to wash dishes for a living now. She is not a handsome young woman as personal appearance goes, but she is now the possessor of that which makes her the lodestone where eligible young men are present, and would afford her an opportunity of taking her pick in ordinary company. In other words, the dishwasher, Clara Wilson, returns to the United States worth probably \$2,000,000, and all through her own efforts. Miss Wilson was not satisfied with washing dishes. The result was that she located a copper mine, which is now being worked, and which is said to be panning out as prolifically as any of the gold mines that are making the Klondike fields famous. She would not advise any young woman to go to that country who has not had some experience with miners or who is not prepared to defend herself and undergo the severest hardships. In that country self-preservation is truly the first law of nature. Men forget all their chivalry, and although women are scarce they are not curiosities, and do not seem to awaken any special interest among men. Alaska miners are not sentimental. They are looking for riches and they do not care how they get them. She had to defend her claim with a gun, she says.

A Magnetic Island.

In the Baltic, the Danish Island Bornholm, which is situated about twenty-four miles east by south from the nearest point of Sweden, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of this magnetic island is not so great that it can draw the nails out of ships, as was told of the legendary magnetic hills, the magnetism of the rocks on the island of Bornholm can and does cause a good deal of trouble to ships in quite another way, for the island exerts such an influence on the magnetic needle that it causes a vessel to turn perceptibly aside from its course. The effect of the island magnetism is felt at a distance of 15 kilometers, or about nine and one-half miles.

"Well, Golly, did you have any fun wearing a red lantern on your wheel?" "Yes, about fifteen men thought I was a drug store and chased me ten blocks."—Detroit Free Press.

Catarrh

"For several years I was a great sufferer with catarrh, and at times I could hardly speak so any one could understand me. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was relieved and since then I have not been troubled with catarrh." Mrs. JOSEPHINE HORNSEY, Phillips, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

BRAVE FIREMEN.

Two Heroically Risk Their Lives at Two Early Morning Fires.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 9.—Two members of the Kansas City fire department distinguished themselves by heroic actions at two fires early yesterday morning. They were Mike Connors, driver for Fire Chief Hale, and John Lynch, a member of No. 3 hose company.

Connors dragged two of his injured comrades from beneath a heap of burning debris and assisted in carrying them to a place of safety. This was during the first fire.

During the second he carried a helpless woman down the swaying aerial ladder from the fourth story of a burning building. Lynch followed him with another helpless woman in his arms.

The delay of a single minute would undoubtedly have resulted in the death of both women.

Eighty-four horses were burned in the fire which destroyed the barn of the Kansas City Transfer company.

\$5,000,000 SHORTAGE.

Experts Find a Big Discrepancy in the Books of Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Comptroller Fitch's expert accountants who have been at work investigating the records and accounts in Brooklyn preparatory to consolidation, have found discrepancies in accounts amounting to \$5,000,000. The records of the towns of Flatlands, Flatbush, New Lots, New Utrecht and Gravesend, which the officials of these towns claim were turned over to the comptroller and corporation council of Brooklyn when they were merged into Brooklyn, can not be found and their absence interferes with a proper investigation.

A GREAT GLASS TRUST.

Practically All of the Factories in America United Under One Control.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Glass manufacturers representing practically the entire industry of the United States met here yesterday afternoon and evening, and virtually perfected a great glass trust, bringing under one head every manufactory in the country.

Jail Instead of Marriage.

POMEROY, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Charles Hysall, a member of the band that has been terrorizing the inhabitants of Meigs and surrounding counties, was standing beside Miss Georgia Manley, at the home of Squire Long, awaiting the words that would have made them man and wife, when officers suddenly appeared on the scene and made prisoners of the two and of Burt Wines, another of the band. Rewards aggregating \$2,000 had been offered for the capture and conviction of the two men, and feeling is running high against them.

Miss Whitney Invited to Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 9.—Miss Edna Whitney of Chillicothe, Queen Loretta of the Topeka carnival, and at present in St. Louis, where, upon the invitation of the Veiled Prophets, she has been taking part in the fall festivities of that city, has been asked to be queen of the November flower show in this city. The Kansas City Florists' association, under whose auspices the show will be held, has invited Miss Whitney to attend as queen, and although a formal acceptance has not been received, members of the association expect that she will not refuse the invitation extended.

Drank Egg-Nog on the Scaffold.

MONROE, La., Oct. 9.—Paul Paine, the wife murderer, was hanged privately at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the jail yard here. He asserted his innocence to the last, was perfectly cool and collected and drank a glass of egg-nog and smoked a cigar on the scaffold. His neck was instantly broken and life was extinct in nine minutes. Paine was a theosophist and claimed to be in constant communication with his murdered wife.

Failed to Pay Its Losses.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 9.—The Order of the World, with thousands of members from Missouri and Nebraska to the Atlantic ocean, is in serious trouble. Its old officers have abandoned it, the United States government has refused to further deliver mail, because the organization has failed to pay numerous death losses, and the Omaha members are clamoring for relief, but know not where to turn.

Pacing Team Record Broken.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 9.—At the mile track of the Northern Horse Breeders' association here John R. Gentry and Robert J. broke the pacing team record, going the mile in faultless style in 2:08. This was done after the pair had been sent a mile in 2:11.

Gilbert Defeated Elliott.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 9.—Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Iowa, defeated J. A. R. Elliott of this city by the narrow margin of one bird in the pigeon shooting match at Exposition park. He killed 55 birds out of a possible 100, to Mr. Elliott's 94.